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Entaw, Ala., Dec'r 25th, 1863.

Young Ladies of the History Class:

I received, on yesterday evening, the box of beautiful Books and the elegant Inkstand, which you have done me the honor to present to me as a Christmas gift.

Rarely, if ever, have I received a testimonial of any kind, which has touched so strongly the grateful sensibilities of my heart. I have, from the first, deemed it an honor, and esteemed it a personal compliment, to be the director of your historical studies. My association with you has been, not only peculiarly agreeable to me personally, but highly instructive and entertaining. The uniform kindness and courtesy with which you have treated me and the delightful character of our joint pursuits, have filled the period, occupied by our historical studies, with pleasant memories which must abide with me through life.

For the agreeable labor which I bestowed upon the efforts to make our meetings instructive and entertaining, I feel doubly compensated by the kind and charitable spirit in which you received my instructions, and by the diligent improvement which you made of them. I feel that I can safely say, that each member of the class made marked and most gratifying progress in the acquisition of historical knowledge. Nor do I bestow a groundless personal compliment when I assert, that the unusual amount of cultivated talent embraced in the membership of the class and the thirst for knowledge, which usually accompanies the gift, will alone explain the unabated and ever increasing interest in your studies which constituted the most characteristic and striking feature of the class. It was this unabated literary zeal on your part, added to the uniform urbanity of your deportment, that made the discharge of my duties so pleasant and leaves the remembrance of our association unmingled with a single regret.

To the intellectual associations which properly belong to the class, you have now added a material tie, in the beautiful gift with which you have honored me. No expression of good wishes on your part could be more appropriate and graceful and, I assure you, none could be more acceptable to me. The books, though dumb in themselves, will ever be eloquent mementoes of an agreeable past. The inkstand will never be used without a grateful remembrance of the fair young donors, in each one of whom I have the happiness to recognize a cherished personal friend.

May Heaven bless each one of you, Young Ladies, with the choicest of its benefactions both here and hereafter, is the ardent wish of

Your sincere and obliged friend,

JOS. W. TAYLOR.

"Shall we know each other there?"

An Hour in the Churchyard.

Dear dreamers sleepers, sleep!
Oh, how many have
Laid down their weary head
On my dark, cold, lonely bed.
That their dead eyes might fold me down,
To mouldering dust and dust,
Where I might lie with those I love,
And be forever at rest.

Yes, we have left this world of care,
And gone to realms of bliss;
Yet never know again the woe
Of a sinful world like this.
Here's one that scarce to manhood came,
His age but twenty-two,
Who has reached his three-score years,
Could he help but envy you?

And there's a maiden young and fair,
The maid that soon would bloom;
And kindred hearts thought, ah, how hard
To lay her in the tomb.
Ah, her's is such a quiet sleep,
How could you wish to break her rest;
No more has she a tear to weep,
No aching heart within her breast.

Here lies a babe, a mother's pearl,
Caught up from Earth to Heaven;
Her heart knows now 'twas only lent,
Before she thought 'twas given.
Yes, little sleeper, you're at rest;
Free from all earthly sin;
For Christ has said, unless like you,
We cannot enter in.

Oysters.

Parting Song.

BY ALICE CARL.

The long day is closing—
Ah, why should you weep?
'Tis thus that God gives
His beloved ones sleep.

I see the wide water
So deep and so black—
Love waits me beyond it—
I would not go back.

I would not go back
Where its joys scarce may gleam—
We even in dreaming
We know that we dream.

Though life filled for me
With all measures of bliss,
Has it anything better
Or sweeter than this!

At the last ball of the season the French Empress wore a dress of an entirely new fashion. It consisted of a robe of pale blue tulle, entirely covered with violets, the heart of each violet being formed of diamond sparks. It was reckoned that the possible number of these violets on the skirt worn by Her Majesty must have been at least eight hundred. The skirt contained about twenty-five yards of stuff, and the flowers were placed about four inches apart. The collar consisted of a thick chapel of the same composition; the violets, being of the dark species, were exceedingly becoming to Her Majesty, and the diamonds, somewhat larger than those upon the dresses, still—without losing to the rank of jewels—seemed to make a halo of brightness round the head.

The Empress Eugénie has purchased at the dog-show a little Havana lap-dog which rejoices in the name of Coquette. This animal is a beautiful specimen of her race: "Her hair is fully eight inches long and of snowy whiteness and silky fineness. The body is very small, as is also the head, but the tail appears an enormous flower, and the ears of proportionate size. Coquette lives in a glass house, upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and which she drinks are placed in the adjoined glass house on a porcelain plate and a silver cup, which she won for her proprietor."

[From the Gulf City Home Journal.]

A PICTURE.

A glorious summer day
From hill and mountain top had died away,
And dusky twilight, with her mantle gray,
Envelop'd the quiet earth.

No hollow sound of mirth
The stillness broke. The moon with slately
Advanced, but, shuddering, veil'd her mournful
Lantern a somber cloud.

Within a lonely dell,
Where gentle forest warblers wont to dwell,
The cannon's boom had pealed a funeral knell
To the young and brave

Who fell their land to save,
But musket's roar and cannon's boom were
The earth had drunk of patriot blood his fill,
And silence reigned supreme.

The voice of drum and rifle,
The song of merry minstrel and bill

Everlasting and Resurrection.

MY MARYLAND!

WRITTEN WHILE OUR ARMY WAS STILL IN MARYLAND.
The avenger's tread "is one thy thore,"
Maryland.

His step "is at thy temple-door."
Maryland:

They come, they come, the good, the brave,
Sons of the South, thy land to save,
Or find a victor's gory grave,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Arise, arise, ye patriot sires,
Maryland,
And kindle brighter freedom's fire,
Maryland:

For Freedom's sake, from every shore
The battle-flags of Freedom's host
To Freedom's banner, Freedom's host,
To Freedom's banner, Freedom's host

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